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and **TRIGGER**

Gold was
the bait for
**THREE-GUN
TREACHERY**



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CUT ON DOTTED LINE PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

and TRIGGER

SUITS ME!
I'LL MATCH
TIGER ON
BEHIND

SAY, I WONDER
WHO THAT IS
WHISPERING TO
THE DEWEY! HE
LOOKS FAMILIAR.
WHERE HAVE I
SEEN HIM.
SARONG?

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SELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



A FEW
MILES
LATER...

HERE THEY COME!
JUST LIKE TAKING
CANDY FROM A
BABY!



SUDDENLY, AS THOUGH FROM OUT OF
NOWHERE...



PULL UP THERE!
I'VE GOT YOU
COVERED!

WHOA, BOYS--WHOA!



NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU--
YOU'RE JIM BOLTON--UP
TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN!

THAT'S RIGHT, ROGERS!
BUT DON'T TRY
ANYTHING--
OR YOU AND
THE PASSENGERS
ARE LIABLE TO
GET HURT!



NOW THROW DOWN YOUR
GUNS--AND THEN HELP
THE DRIVER THROW DOWN
THE STRONGBOX!





BOLTON FIRES INTO THE AIR, SENDING THE FRIGHTENED HORSES THUNDERING AWAY...



QUICK! ANY
OF YOU GOT
A GUN?

IF WE HAD, WE WOULD HAVE
DONE SOMETHING BEFORE THIS!



SOON...



SOON, ON A TRAIL
INTO THE MOUNTAINS...

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN...
HERE COMES THAT
BLASTED ROGERS!



WE'RE SAVING ON HIM,
TRIGGER! ALL THAT WEIGHT
HIS HORSE IS CARRYING IS
STARTING TO TELL!



A BOX CANYON!
WE'RE TRAPPED!



IN DESPERATION, BOLTON WHEELS HIS
HORSE AND CHARGES AT ROY...

YOU'LL HAVE A
TOUGH TIME
TAKING ME,
ROGERS!



PULL UP, BOLTON!
HALT, OR
I'LL FIRE!

I KNOW YOU BETTER
THAN THAT!...I'M NOT
GOIN' FOR MY GUN!







BUT WHEN THEY TELL THE MANAGER OF THE EXPRESS COMPANY ABOUT THE MONEY...



LATER...

WELL, GADGERS!--IT
SEEMS AS WHAT
BOLTON DID WITH
THE REST OF THE
MONEY! WE'VE BEEN
OVER THIS GROUND
THREE TIMES NOW
AND THERE'S
NOT A SIGN!

LET'S GO BACK TO
THE SCENE OF THE
ROBBERY AND FOLLOW
HIS TRAIL JUST
ONCE MORE!

HIS TRACKS RUN STRAIGHT AS AN
ARROW! AND EVEN IF HE'D TOSSED
IT TO THE SIDE, WE WOULD HAVE
FOUND IT!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK WE OUGHT
TO DO?

LET'S GO BACK AND
QUESTION HIM AGAIN!
IT'S A CHANCE WE'RE NOT
GETTING ANYWHERE
THIS WAY!

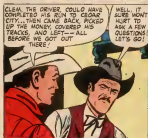
SOON...

COME ON, BOLTON!--MAKE
IT EASY ON YOURSELF! TELL
US WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
REST OF THAT MONEY!

NOTHING
DOING!

DO YOU HAVE A CONSPIRATOR? SOMEBODY
YOU TOSSED THE MONEY TO WHILE YOU WERE
TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM ME?

ARE YOU
DOING?



LATER THAT NIGHT...



SOON ON THE WAY TO CEDAR CITY...







BACK IN INDIAN WELLS...

SHERIFF, I TELL YOU I DIDN'T DO IT! THE ONLY REASON I RAN WAS BECAUSE YOU WERE SUSPICIOUS OF ME AND I DIDN'T HAVE AN ALIBI!

ROBERTS' OFF

SAVE IT TILL WE'RE INSIDE!

CLERK! SO THEY FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU GU? WHAT'S NOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

WHAT'S NOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

WHAT ABOUT IT, BOLTON? IS THIS YOUR PARTNER?

WHY? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

LISTEN HERE, BOLTON-- I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH SMART TALK OUT OF YOU!

YOU FRIGHTEN ME!

LET HIM GO, ROGERS-- THAT GUY DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE ROBBERY!

HE DIDN'T? THEN WHAT WERE YOU TWO TALKING ABOUT BEFORE THE STAGE TOOK OFF THIS MORNING?

IT WAS ONLY A TRICK-- TO THROW SUSPICION ON HIM! I THOUGHT MAYBE THE POSSE'D GET SO BUSY CHASING HIM, I COULD MAKE MY GETAWAY! BUT YOU FOULED ME UP!

OKAY, CLIM--I GUESS YOU CAN GO! BUT NOT TOO FAR, IN CASE WE WANT TO QUESTION YOU AGAIN!

SURE, SHERIFF--
SURE!



AND IN A LITTLE WHILE...

SHERIFF, THIS GETS MORE FUZZING ALL THE TIME! THERE HAD TO BE SOMEONE ELSE IN ON IT! THERE HAD TO BE!

I KNOW BOY--
BUT WHO?



IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! IT'S RISKY--CALL IT CRAZY IF YOU LIKE--BUT LISTEN!

GO AHEAD!



AFTER BOY EXPLAINS...

YOU'RE RIGHT--IT'S A CRAZY IDEA! BUT LET'S TRY IT!

OKAY--I'LL GO FIND CLIM! I'M SURE HE'LL HELP!



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

ASSIST-
BOLTON!

WHO'S THAT?



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SEEH! HERE'S A KEY I LIFTED FROM THE SHERIFF LAST NIGHT! LET'S SAY I'M RETURNING THE FAVOR YOU DID!







PRESENTLY INGERHOOD ENTERS THE EXPRESS OFFICE.



MEANWHILE...



DEEP IT, BOLTON!
YOU'RE COVERED!

ROGERS! AM, I
GLAD TO SEE YOU!



THIS HOORLUM
MUST HAVE BROKEN
OUT OF JAIL! --
THEN HE CAME
IN HERE TO...

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, ROGERS!
YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHO MY
PARTNER WAS -- WELL, THERE
HE IS! AND THERE'S THE
MUSKING \$50,000!

WHY THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS! THESE
ARE JUST SOME PERSONAL PAPERS
I WAS TAKING
TO THE BANK!

I DON'T THINK SO,
MR. TEEBWOOD!
HAND THEM OVER!



BESIDES, HOW WOULD YOU KNOW
BOLTON WAS THE MAN WE HAD
IN JAIL FOR ROBBERING THE STAGE,
UNLESS HE WAS YOUR PARTNER'S
WE DIDN'T TELL YOU WHO
WE WERE HOLDING!



TAKE THE MONEY THEN!
SEE HOW MUCH GOOD
IT DOES YOU!





Golden Ambush

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Sam Rader entered the Whitville Cafe spilling for trouble. He was a short, grizzled prospector, and his eyes blazed angrily. His gaze narrowed immediately on the huge, angular figure of Pete Lerman, who was sitting at a table.

Sam strode over to Pete and said, "I just came from the Claims Office!"

The big man sneered at Sam and asked in a mocking voice, "So what?"

Sam replied angrily, "When I got into town last night, the Claims Office was closed. So I stopped in here on my way to the hotel, and next thing I knew I was talking my fool head off to you about my diggings! This morning, I went to the Claims Office, and the Government Assayer wouldn't let me file my claim! He said you got there before me and had already filed on the same claim!" Sam shouted suddenly, "You stole my claim!"

Lerman's voice was cold and menacing. "You can't prove a thing!"

"I'm not often going to try!" Sam snapped. "We'll just shoot it out right now!"

For a long moment, the two men stared at each other. Suddenly, the icy silence was broken by heavy footsteps coming in through the swinging doors.

Lerman smiled. "Howdy, Sheriff!"

To Sam's dismay, the gruff voice of the sheriff said, "I was just walking by, and it sounded too quiet in here! What's going on?"

Pete Lerman laughed. "This maverick was just trying to draw on me!"

The sheriff walked up to Sam and said, "We don't want any trouble around here! If you can't be law abiding, get out of town!"

"All right, Sheriff!" Sam said angrily. "I'm

leaving!" Sam turned to Pete Lerman. "But as for you, Lerman, I'm giving you fair warning. Stay away from my claim!"

Lerman laughed. "It's my claim, and I ain't to work it just as soon as I get my supplies!"

Sam turned on his heels and hurried out of the cafe! He knew that Lerman was right. Sam couldn't prove a thing. No one else knew about the claim. It was Sam's word against Lerman's.

So Sam returned to his diggings.

In the mountain side, high above the roaring, rushing creek, there was an ancient cave. As Sam climbed up to it, he felt nothing but hatred for Pete Lerman, and he planned to wait in ambush.

Early the next morning, Pete Lerman came upstream. Sam crouched inside the cave and gripped his rifle tightly, as Lerman stopped at the sand bar.

Squinting down his rifle barrel, Sam centered the sight on the big man's back.

"Now!" Sam whispered. "Now!"

His finger was on the trigger, but . . .

"I can't do it!" Sam cried to himself. "I can't do it! I can't shoot a man down like this — no matter what he's done!"

Letting his rifle slip from his fingers, Sam stood up. Angry with himself, he walked back to the cave and looked violently at the rocky entrance.

A little trickle of dirt and stone fell away as the toe of his boot connected.

Sam stared in astonishment at the yellow glint where his toe had struck the earth. He dropped to his knees and clawed at the mountain side with his fingers. He studied it for a long time, and finally he was certain!

It was a rich vein of gold!

Grinning broadly, Sam noticed that the vein was directly in the path of a dried up stream. Through the years, the water from the melting snows had passed over the gold, carrying a few loose specks to the sand below.

Sam looked down at Lerman's broad back as the big man began working vigorously, panning the sand at the edge of the creek.

"Yes, sir," Sam thought. "I could sit here all week and watch that fool work! But tonight, when he's asleep, I'll move on back to town and file a REAL claim!"

CHUCK WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



*NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO, I WAS CROSSING THE DESERT, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN IT STARTED TRENDERIN' AND LIGHTNIN'...



**"SUDDENLY, A BOIT OF LIVE FIRE STRUCK
RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY TEAM!... AN'
SURE ENOUGH, THEY PANICKED...**



**"THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS
BEING THROWN OUT OF THE WAGON.**



**"WHEN I CAME TO, MY LEG WAS ACHING SO
BAD I COULDN'T MOVE! AND THERE WAS NO
SIGN OF THE WAGON, 'CEPT FOR A DISHPAN
THAT HAD DROPPED OFF...**



**"I KNEW MY LEG WAS BROKEN! AND
THEN TO TOP IT OFF, A RAILSTORM
CAME UP— PIECES OF ICE ALMOST AS
BIG AS CHICKEN EGGS BEGAN TO FALL...**



**"THOSE RAILSTONES COULD'VE KNOCKED
DOWN A FULL-GROWN SHEEP! SOME-
HOW I HAD TO PROTECT MYSELF...**



"I FELL MYSELF OVER TO THE DISHPAN AND HELD IT OVER MY HEAD! THE SOUND OF THOSE HAIL-STONES WAS LOUDER THAN THE BARK OF A FORTY-FIVE!"



"PRETTY SOON, THE HAIL STOPPED AND RAIN BEGAN TO FALL!..."



"I KNEW IT WOULDN'T LAST LONG, SO I STARTED CATCHING WATER IN THE DISHPAN..."



"THIS WAS THE SMARTEST THING I COULD HAVE DONE 'CAUSE IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE SUN TO COME OUT AND MAKE THINGS FEEL WARM..."



"I TRIED CRAWLING, MOVING THE WATER AHEAD OF ME! THIS DIDN'T WORK SO WELL!"



"THE ONLY THING LEFT WAS TO MAKE A SPLINT OF OLD DEFTWOOD! THEN I STARTED WALKING, HOLDING THE DISHPAN OF WATER WITH ONE HAND!"



"I MUST HAVE WALKED FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE MY WATER RAN OUT! I MANAGED TO GET UP TO A SMALL RISE, AND LOOKED ACROSS THE PLAINS ...



"MY HEART JUMPED UP IN MY THROAT! OFF IN THE DISTANCE, I COULD SEE TWO RIDERS! I TRIED YELLING AT THEM, BUT IT WAS NO USE!



"THEN I HAD AN IDEA! I REMEMBERED HOW THE INDIANS USED TO SIGNAL EACH OTHER WITH MIRRORS ...



"HOLDING THE DISHPAN UP, I CAUGHT THE SUN'S REFLECTION AND SIGNALLED THE MEN! EIGHT AWAY, THEY TURNED AND RODED MY WAY!



"YOU CAN BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR I WAS A MIGHTY HAPPY GOMPOKE WHEN THOSE BOYS GOT TO ME!"



"WOW, CHIEFY! THAT'S SOME STORY!"

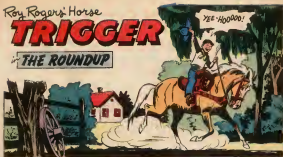
"SURE IS, PETE! IT ALL GOES TO SHOW YOU, DON'T EVER UNDERESTIMATE ANYTHING! — NOT EVEN A DISHPAN!"



Roy Rogers' Horse

TRIGGER

THE ROUNDUP



GRANDFATHER SAID WE COULD GO WITH HIM TODAY. WHEN THEY ROUND UP THE CATTLE IN BRUSHY CANYON!



COME ON, TRIGGER!
WE WILL PRACTICE!



CHICO!

WHAT IS IT,
GRANDFATHER?



HURRY ALONG —
OR HE WILL BE
LATE FOR THE
ROUNDUP!

DOUBLE-D BAR RANCH



LATER, AT THE MOUTH OF BRUSHY CANYON...

BUT WHERE ARE
ALL THE CATTLE WE
ARE SUPPOSED TO ROUND
UP? WHY CAN'T WE
SEE THEM?

BECAUSE THEY ARE
SCATTERED IN THE BRUSH!
THE TOPS OF THE RESOLITE
TREES ARE SO THICK THAT
THEY HIDE THE CATTLE
FROM US!

BUT LOOK! SEE THAT
DUST? ONE OF THE
VAQUEEROS HAS ROUNDED
A STEER AND IS
BRINGING IT IN!

COME ON, TRIGGER!
WE'LL GO HELP!

CHICO!

HOLD IT, LITTLE ONE! DON'T RIDE INTO
THE BRUSH! IT IS TOO EASY TO GET
LOST—TOO HARD TO SEE! THE MEN WILL
BRING THE CATTLE DOWN TO US! WE WILL
HOLD THEM HERE!

BERNARDO! HIGH IN THE HILLS, DEEP IN THE
COVER OF THE BRUSH...

YAAAA! YAAAA!
GET DOWN THERE!

YAAAA! YAAAA!

ONE BY ONE, THE RIDERS DRIVE THE
CATTLE DOWN INTO THE CLEARING...

ANOTHER ONE! GRANDFATHER
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT SO
MANY CATTLE COULD BE
HIDING IN THIS BRUSH?

JUST WAIT! YOU WILL
SEE! I TOLD YOU THIS
BRUSH IS DECEPTIVE!

BUT I THOUGHT
ROUNDUPS WERE
EXCITING! WITH
LOTS OF CATTLE
AND LOTS OF
ACTION!

OH, THERE IS
EXCITEMENT ENOUGH--
SOMETIMES! BUT
MEANWHILE, KEEP YOUR
EYES ON THOSE STEERS!
DO NOT LET THEM GET
AWAY!

FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS CHICO AND TRIGGER
WATCH THE HERD INCREASE UNTIL...

TRIGGER, LISTEN!
A CALF! I DID NOT SEE
HIM GET AWAY!

BAHNN!

COME ON! WE'D BETTER FIND HIM
AND BRING HIM BACK, OR
GRANDFATHER WILL BE
AWAY!

WHERE IS HE? I
CAN'T SEE HIM--
THROUGH ALL THESE
BRANCHES!

WAAH!

OUT JUST THEN IN THE CRACKY...

LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT BELOW!
WILD HORSES STAMPEDING INTO
THE ROUNDOUP!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



CHICO! CHICO! WHERE
ARE YOU? CHICO



LISTEN! I HEAR SHOOTING!
AND GRANDFATHER IS
CALLING US!



HERE'S THE LITTLE CALF!
COME ON, SMALL ONE!
THEY WANT US BACK
AT THE CLEARING!

BAAW!



WE'RE COMING, GRANDFATHER!
CAN YOU HEAR US?

WAAH!



BUT CHICO AND TRIGGER REACH THE CLIPPING JUST AS THE WILD HORSES ARRIVE, STAMPEDEING THE FRIGHTENED CATTLE...



WHEEEE!

TRIGGER!

TRIGGER FIGHTS HARD TO KEEP HIS FEET UNDER HIM...



TURN AROUND! TURN AROUND TRIGGER!
LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

BUT AS HE BEGINS TO TURN, THE RUSHING CATTLE FORCE HIM OVER...



AYEYE!
TRIGGER!

HOLD ON, CHICO!
I'M DYING!



HOLD ON CHICO!
HOLD ON!

THE CATTLE PASS, BUT ON THEIR WHEELS IS A MORE SERIOUS DANGER THUNDERING TOWARD CHICO AND TRIGGER-- THE WILD STAMPEDEING HORSES...!



TRIGGER IS ALREADY ON HIS FEET, AS THE HORSE HERD THUNDERS INTO THE CLEAREING...



HE REETS THE LEADERS...



AND TURNS THEM, JUST IN TIME...



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OF COURSE! BUT LOOK AT TRIGGER! ISN'T HE MAGNIFICENT?

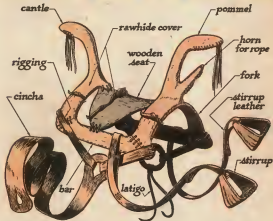
AND IN A LITTLE WHILE...

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME--THAT ROUNDUP CAN SOMETIMES BE EXCITING?

I SURE DO, GRANDFATHER! THAT WAS FUN! AND NOW, COME ON--TRIGGER AND I WILL HELP YOU ROUND UP THE SCATTERED CATTLE!



THE INDIAN SADDLE



The Plains Indian was probably history's most expert bareback rider. He seldom rode with saddle, bridle, or bit, yet he was a skilled saddle maker. His saddles, constructed without metal tools or parts, were light, tough, and comfortable for the Indian's horse.

The frame or saddle tree was made of elm, carefully shaved and rasped to shape. Joints were fitted to perfection with a strong glue made of buffalo hide and hoofs. Then wet rawhide was applied to the whole saddle ... when the rawhide dried, it shrank tight, binding the saddle with an iron grip into a strong unit. Lastly, the clever Indian shaped stirrups from willow covered with rawhide, threw a buffalo skin over the saddle for comfort, and off he rode—a picture of speed and grace!

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

SUSPICIOUS HANDS



A stranger who carried two guns was always looked upon with suspicion in the old West, even in the booming gold camps where gunfire got to be a habit. Old-timers always said that the two-gun man was "dressed to kill!"

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The biggest advantage to packing two guns was the show of strength they presented, particularly for a lone man forced to face an angry, gun-toting crowd.



Just the same, most men were uncomfortable around a two-gun man, for no one could be sure that he was not one of the rare men who could efficiently handle both guns.



For, contrary to belief, the man who could accurately fire a gun with either hand was extremely rare . . . and very few men were qualified to carry a gun on each hip.



And this worked both ways! Among strangers, the two-gun man had to move carefully, lest an innocent gesture be misunderstood by a trigger-happy one-gun man!



HEY, KIDS!
LOOK AT ME—
IN **3-D!**

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